Eng. Poetry vol 87

A GREAT MAN'S SPEECH IN Downing-Street AGAINST THE ENQUIRY.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

LONDON:
Printed for W. Webb, near St. *Paul's*. MDCC.XLIII.

GREAT BRITAIN

SPECIMEN

OF

Downing-Street

ENGRAVED BY

LONDON

Printed for W. Wynne, near St. Paul's. MDCCXLI.

A
Great Man's SPEECH
IN
DOWNING-STREET, &c.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

YE *old Whigs*, met here my new Honours to grace,
Who each, for his Country, would take *any* Place,
And keep it when got, (as we all muſt you know)
By now crying *Ay*. where we always cry'd *No*.
Be this our great Plan!
To ſwear to a Man,
Things ne'er went ſo well ſince the World firſt began.
So farewel *Enquiry*; for *Orfordd* is flown
Quite to Arlington Street, and the Seals are my Own.

II.

Lord *B*— cou'd not leave me, in quitting the Field,
His Tongue for a Sword; but thank God, I've a Shield;
Not a Shield of *Profeſſions*, *Vows*, *Tears*, *Double-dealing*,
But a *Front that won't Bluſh*, *and a Heart above Feeling*:
All *England* ſhall ſee,
I am arm'd Cap-a-pee,
Rage and Envy may pour their whole Quivers on me.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

III. Romantic

III.

Romantic young Patriots may Rant and Declaim
That, *in Place or out*, Honour ſtill is the ſame;
But ſhew me what Honour, *(in my high Condition)*
Wou'd be for *Enquiry*, *the ſecond Edition*:
Be rather accurſt,
Of *Vain-Glory* the Thirſt!
For we hardly knew how to get rid of the firſt.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

IV.

What Time that Committee too forc'd me to waſte?
The *Minutes* I often tranſcrib'd tho' in haſte,
Nay the *Board*, for a Moment, ſometimes I forſook,
But then you may think, I cou'd give but a Look:
Yet when I had Leiſure,
What Friend to that Meaſure,
Took *Notes* more than I, or in *Notes* took more Pleaſure.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

V.

In the Houſe when this Queſtion you come to debate,
You muſt fancy yourſelves in a *Council of State*,
For *Councils of State* follow what is expedient,
And *Juſtice* is *there* but a ſecond Ingredient;
Then *Juſtice* poſtpone,
Home Affairs let alone,
Till *Auſtria*, once more, fill the Emperor's Throne.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

VI. To

VI.

To Foreign Affairs I don't vaſtly pretend,
But I hear from *Lord B—*, my great Maſter and Friend,
Lord C— ſwears *France* is in ſuch a Quandary,
For Peace ſhe ſhall kneel to the *Queen of Hungary*,
Or *Broglio* he'll nab,
(He's at War ſuch a Dab)
By ſeizing, *this Winter*, Franconia *and* Suabe.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

VII.

Indeed he was all for a March, laſt October,
Each Night 'twas his Theme, and each Morning, *quite ſober*,
Not *Maillebois* to follow, (for bleſt was the Day,
When *quiet* he march'd from *Weſtphalia* away!)
But *Dunkirk* to ſtorm,
And when he was warm,
To puſh to *Verſailles* and beat up the *Gens-d'armes*.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

VIII.

The —— too he counſel'd in Perſon to go,
In *Beauty*'s fair Cauſe his high Proweſs to ſhow:
Beef-eaters, gay Lords, gallant Squires, were commanded,
The Train, which at *Calais* our *eighth Harry* landed;
Harry too, Debonnair,
Wou'd have dy'd for the *Fair*,
As his *Arms*, (cry the Wags,) in the *Tower* declare.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

IX.

Some hinted, that may be, 'twas rather too much,
To conquer *all France* without Help from the *Dutch*:
But my *Lord* in high Schemes not ſo eaſily bam'd,
Swore the *Dutch ſhou'd come in*—or the *Dutch* might be damn'd
That *Paris* with Eaſe,
We may *ſack* when we pleaſe;
Then fill'd up a *Bumper* to *George* and *Tereſe*.

So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

X.

But mark his *cool Prudence* how far from *Romance!*
Shou'd the *French*, he bethought him, be ſcar'd out of *France*,
(As who, but from *C——s* bold Thunder muſt fly!)
They might meet in *Bavaria* and help their *Ally*:
Which hap'ly might end,
In diſtreſſing our Friend,
For whom our *laſt Shilling* we'll joyfully ſpend.

So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

XI.

Yet of all the *round* Millions *I vow'd* to propoſe,
Not *ſeven hundred thouſand* to *Hanover* goes,
And tho', I'm aware, *Diſaffection* may ſay
Hanoverians are meant *Civil Liſt Debts* to pay;
'Tis a Jacobite Lye:
They are meant to ſupply
The want of *Dutch*, *Pruſſians*, and every *Ally*.

So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

XII.

Then to theſe *Hanoverians* what Praiſes are due?
While *Maillebois* was flying they ſcorn'd to purſue;
Now to *Mentz* they will march, (ſo in War they delight)
Where the *Laws of their Country* forbid them to fight;
And where is the Man,
When he thinks of the *Ban*,
But had rather go fight againſt great *Nouli Kan?*
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

XIII.

To *old Standing Corps* who can grudge Levy-Money?
Or *Douceurs* to ſweeten, far ſweeter than Honey,
Contingent Expences, that can't be computed,
Things ne'er to be known, to be never refuted?
Not to pay *all* were hard:
What has *Hanover* ſpar'd,
Field Pieces, Staff, Hangmen, Prevôts, or Life-Guard?
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

XIV.

Shou'd you keep them ten Years——*till the Dutch are come in*,
You ne'er ſhall pay *Levy-Money* ag'in,
And when we to ſaving, *hereafter*, ſhall come,
Since we find them ſo cheap, make them *Guards* here at Home,
For they love us ſo well,
They'd quit *Bremen* and *Zell*
To help, us our turbulent Spirits to quell.
So farewel *Enquiry*, &c.

XV. Then

XV.

Then be patient, *my Friends*, and expect the bleſt Hour,
When you may have *Places*, and I, perhaps, *Pow'r*;
And ah! without *Levies* don't doom me to live!
Tho' *your Levy-Money*, as yet, I can't give,
But think, who ſhall ſtand
Before my *Lord B——d*
If e'er *Secret Service* ſhou'd flow through my Hand.
So farewel *Enquiry*; for *Orford* is flown,
Quite to Arlington Street, and the Seals are my Own.

F I N I S.